

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND,"—*Cowper.*



RICHARD HAMILTON AND CAPTAIN PATON CONCEALED IN THE CAVE.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

A TALE OF THE COVENANTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER separating from his sister, Richard Hamilton bent his steps not in the direction of the glen indicated by the curate, but towards a linn, or rocky waterfall, some little distance beyond. While clambering long ago amongst its crags in the enterprising spirit of boyhood, he discovered a cave, most difficult of access on account of the huge rocks barring its entrance. To this place of refuge his thoughts naturally recurred as he fled

from the soldiers; and he resolved to take advantage of the shelter it afforded him until order was in some measure restored. Hitherto the road had been rendered difficult, from the dim and shadowy twilight, but as he traversed the narrow, precipitous path leading to the cave, the moon's pale disk showed itself above the hills; its feeble rays shed an uncertain light on the sharp pointed rocks jutting boldly out from the steep sloping sides of the ravine, and tipped with silver the tiny waves of the river Mouse, whose waters formed the linn. At any other time Richard Hamilton, who, in common with his sister, possessed a soul capable of appreciating

the sublime, would have lingered for a brief space to admire the striking character of the scenery; but his enemies would soon be upon his track, therefore he tarried not to gaze on the beeding crags and moonlit water. While displacing the tangled brushwood that in some measure concealed the entrance of the cave, to his unbounded surprise a stream of light issued forth from its recesses. Without devoting a moment to deliberation, young Hamilton advanced a few paces, and speedily discovered the ruddy glow proceeded from a torch of fir-wood stuck in the wall at the other end of the cave. Casting his eyes around to discover for whom this friendly light had been provided, he perceived a man lying stretched on the floor, apparently wrapt in a profound slumber. In figure the solitary occupant of the cave was of the middle height, and powerfully built; his complexion was fair, and his hair correspondingly so. Excepting his eyebrows, which attracted attention through their immense size and peculiar droop, he possessed no distinguishing features, merely presenting the appearance of a strong athletic man in the prime of life. His dress consisted of an entire suit of coarse grey cloth, and he carried no weapon save a stout oaken stick, which lay within reach on the floor. After satisfying his curiosity by a lengthened survey of the sleeper's person, young Hamilton advanced and shook him slightly by the arm. Light as was the touch, it sufficed to waken the stranger, who instantly started to his feet with a loud exclamation. Bending a keen glance on Richard Hamilton from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, he abruptly demanded of him his name and purpose. Satisfied upon these points, the stranger's frown relaxed into a smile, and, extending his hand towards young Hamilton, he said, good-humouredly—

"Hey-day, my friend, but you startled me not a little! I fully expected my waking eyes would be greeted by a sight of some of the rascally red-coats I observed skulking down yonder, and was prepared to sell my life dearly; a single glance convinced me of my mistake, so I bid you heartily welcome as a friend. The man who possesses magnanimity sufficient to raise his voice in opposition to the prelates, and grieve over his bleeding country's wrongs, may count on the steadfast friendship of John Paton."

"What!" cried young Hamilton in amazement, while warmly grasping the stranger's proffered hand, "are you that renowned soldier whose heroic feats of arms have rendered the name of Captain Paton so renowned? But how came you to find refuge in a cave with whose existence I imagined none save myself was acquainted?"

"There are few spots in this lovely neighbourhood with which I am not familiar," replied Captain Paton, smiling. "This cave especially was well known to me in former days; my grandfather resided in its vicinity, and while living with him I have passed many an hour of my boyhood listening to the murmuring of the water, and framing addresses to the spirit of the patriot Wallace, then firmly believed by me to be hovering around the scene of his ancient exploits. At the present time," pursued the captain, "I was on a visit to my sister, who resides in Lanark, and when returning received an intimation that the road was infested with soldiers. Desirous of eluding their troublesome observation, I bent my steps hither, intending to remain concealed till the morning dawn permitted me to resume my homeward journey."

"My persecutors deserve my warmest thanks," said young Hamilton, gaily, "for affording me an opportunity of meeting so renowned a champion of the Covenanting cause."

Captain Paton smiled grimly as he replied, "Ay, truly, the royalists have good reason to dread the sight of my trusty sword; many a stalwart wight sank beneath its strokes at Kilsyth and Philiphaugh."

"It is not likely to remain long in idleness should this persecuting work continue; no patriotic Scotchman can sit tamely by and see his countrymen subjected to such wanton outrages as are now being perpetrated—I for one burn to unsheathe my sword in the glorious cause of religious freedom; and hundreds, I am persuaded, only await the advent of a leader to take the field in defence of those rights the prelatic party strive to abolish. When men's souls are stirred within them, and the now slumbering embers burst into a living flame; when each suffering peasant makes ready his weapons for battle, then—then shall that nobler spirit, which animated the breasts of Scotland's ancient heroes, revive in the bosoms of her sons, and the strongholds of tyranny crumble and fall before the avenging sword of liberty!" The young enthusiasm with which these words were uttered went direct to the heart of the chivalrous captain; his mouth twitched convulsively, while from beneath his ponderous brows his blue eyes gleamed with kindred fire. When Richard Hamilton finished speaking, he placed his hand on his shoulder, exclaiming—

"Oh for a band of patriots such as thou, and our land would soon be freed from its present grievous thralldom!"

"Like myself, you love your country, captain."

"Yea; all my heart's best sympathies are hers. Since childhood my every thought has been devoted to Scotland, and the splendour of her ancient renown; and daily I prayed that I might be accounted worthy to share the laurels of her departed heroes. The fame I acquired while fighting beneath the conquering banners of Gustavus Adolphus was precious to me, solely from the thought that the celebrity attached to my name would reflect honour on the country which owned me for a son. Often, even amid the din of battle, have I breathed an inward prayer for the welfare of that beloved land I might never more behold, and at night, while resting by the lonely watch-fire, in dreams I re-visited the murmuring streams and pastoral glades of my native shores."

"Returned to Scotland?"

"To till the land and guide the plough, when Montrose's insurrection caused me once more to don my helmet and sword."

"And nobly you did your duty, or fame belies you," said young Hamilton, gazing admiringly on the soldierly bearing of his companion.

"May God enable me to do so in the future!" replied the captain; "for much must be accomplished ere the trumpet is hung in the hall, and men beat their swords into pruning-hooks. Shortly before coming hither, I learned that the unscrupulous Sir James Turner, at the head of a large body of troops, has been let loose upon the country, to exact fines, and compel submission to the prelates. Much misery has been occasioned by the unjustifiable conduct of the soldiery, who, hounded on by their merciless leader and still baser curates, gratify their brutal inclinations by inflicting every manner of outrage on the unoffending peasantry of the southern districts. Should this species of persecution become more deadly, as I much fear will be the case, a general rising is inevitable."

"In which, of course, you will take an active part?"

The captain was about to reply, when young Hamilton, touching him on the arm, said, in a whisper—

"Hush! dost hear? There are horsemen in our neighbourhood!"

The captain strode to the entrance of the cave, and gazed down into the glen. By the mellow light of the moon he descried the soldiers sent out in pursuit of their late prisoner galloping wildly about in search of him. With kindling eyes he observed to his companion, "Were it not that the freak might be attended with danger to ourselves, I should vastly enjoy sending a loose rock amongst the pampered rascals. It would, I think, test the metal of their headpieces." Young Hamilton eyed the now retreating soldiery with frowning brows, and, as some words uttered by one of the party mingled with the breeze, he exclaimed—

"The villain! I could almost fancy it is Curate Philips who speaks."

"Nothing more likely," observed his companion. "From the little you have told me, it appears that man is your mortal enemy; and the enmity of such men is to be dreaded. From his extreme intimacy with the prelates, he will be able to execute any mischief his black nature may devise. Ten to one, should you return to Lindenvale, but you will again be taken prisoner ere many days have elapsed; and remember there are few steps at present between a prison and a scaffold!"

"Whither can I go?" said young Hamilton.

"Come with me," replied his companion, eagerly; "we cannot afford to lose such men as you: every patriot will be needed in the grand struggle of which, sooner or later, Scotland will be the field; therefore it becomes you, as a lover of your country, to adopt every lawful means for the preservation of that life which may yet prove of value in the noblest of causes. In my sequestered home you will be safe from pursuit, until such time as we are called upon to join the ranks of those who, like ourselves, hold principles antagonistic to those so deeply rooted in the breasts of our oppressors." Richard Hamilton gladly assented to the proposed plan; and, as the beams of the rising sun illuminated hill and plain together, they set out for Meadowhead, the farm occupied by Captain Paton, but not until a shepherd-boy had been despatched to apprise Harriet Hamilton of her brother's safety, and intended flight into Ayrshire.

In the wild solitude of Captain Paton's moorland farm, three years glided over young Hamilton's head without affording him any opportunity of distinguishing himself in his country's service. Ardent and impetuous by nature, he was beginning to weary of the restraint imposed upon him. Unable to return to Lindenvale on account of the strict surveillance which his sister assured him in her letters Curate Philips still exercised in the neighbourhood, and not daring to venture far beyond the boundaries of Meadowhead, his feelings were somewhat analogous to those with which an imprisoned eagle gazes forth through the bars of its cage, pining for that liberty so dear to the captive.

But the tempest long brooding in the horizon was now about to burst forth with uncontrollable fury. In the middle of November 1686, an unheard-of deed of cruelty, perpetrated by some of Sir James Turner's soldiery in Upper Galloway, roused a storm of just indignation in the breasts of the country people, and they determined no longer tamely to submit to the outrages daily practised upon them. In accordance with their resolve, a small band of peasantry proceeded to Dumfries and took Sir James Turner prisoner, after having disarmed his men. Marching from thence into Ayrshire, they joined themselves to a party headed by Colonel Wallace, whose ranks were still further augmented by several detachments from Mauchline, Carlisle, Galston, Loudoun, and Fenwick; the horse from the two last-

mentioned places were headed by Captain Paton, who, as well as young Hamilton, had been chafing at the passive endurance hitherto displayed by his countrymen. Greatly disappointed regarding reinforcements in Ayrshire, the insurgents debated amongst themselves whether it would not be more prudent to lay down their arms and disperse quietly, the suddenness of the rising having prevented their making such arrangements as would ensure success; but young Hamilton, in a speech distinguished for its impassioned eloquence, strongly reprobated such a measure, when everything dear to them as patriots and Christians was at stake. Determined therefore to persevere, they marched to Lanark, where they renewed their covenants, and published declarations freeing themselves from the charge of rebellion, and vindicating the measures they had thought proper to adopt. This wholly unexpected resistance on the part of the Covenanters threw the prelatic party into the utmost terror and confusion; they believed the entire country was about to rise in arms and inflict the punishment they knew to be deserved, and instantly made preparations to ensure their own safety and the destruction of their adversaries. Soon a large army, under the command of Dalziel of Binns, set out in pursuit of the insurgents, and was close upon Lanark ere the Covenanters were apprised of their approach.

Hoping to obtain reinforcements, they resolved to avoid an engagement, and accordingly marched forward to Colington by way of Bathgate. Deriving no assistance from its inhabitants, and having good reason to suspect that some treachery was intended on the part of Dalziel, who sent a messenger to promise a cessation of arms for a day, until a letter might be transmitted to the Privy Council in reference to some arrangement between the hostile parties, Colonel Wallace, with his little army, now reduced to one half from the effects of cold and fatigue, commenced a retreat by way of the Pentland Hills.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHILL November day had drawn near its close when Colonel Wallace halted on Rullion Green in order to refresh his exhausted men. Captain Paton and Richard Hamilton stood a little apart from the others, conversing on the present discouraging aspect of affairs.

"Alas!" said the latter, in answer to some remark of his companion, "I little thought, when leaving Meadowhead on that triumphant morn, at the head of our gallant band, we were so soon to fly before the insulting foe. Whither has fled the martial ardour which won for Wallace the battle of Stirling, and crowned Bruce with victory at Bannockburn? Vanished—buried in the graves of the immortal few who loved their country, and for that country died!"

"Do not despair," said Captain Paton; "the storm mutters long in the distance ere its crashing thunders resound overhead. Not yet have Scotland's sons roused them from their lethargy: as yet they feel amazed and confused at the suddenness of our rising to arms; but, when a universal awakening takes place, you will not have cause to mourn over their degeneracy."

"And must we," replied young Hamilton, "who have been the first to unfurl our standard to the breeze, be compelled to retreat homewards without striking a blow in defence of our covenants? Would we were destined to encounter the foe!"

When about to reply, Captain Paton observed a body of troops filing through a pass a little to the westward.

"See," he cried, grasping his companion by the arm: "your wish is granted; Dalziel's army is approaching."

"Now Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the other, scanning the advancing soldiers, who at that moment presented a brilliant appearance, their steel bayonets and helmets flashing back the rays of the setting sun: "at last we meet now. May God bless our arms in battle, for we fight in behalf of our country's spiritual freedom."

"Amen!" solemnly ejaculated his companion, placing himself at the head of his troops.

The van of the royalist army, having emerged from the defile, threw themselves on the Covenanters, but were met with such firmness that they recoiled dismayed. Returning to the attack, they were once more repulsed with vigour. A third attempt proving equally unsuccessful, Dalziel put his entire force in motion to assault the enemy. A moment's dread silence ensued; it was broken by Colonel Wallace.

"Let us, my men," he said, "unite in prayer to Him who holds the destinies of nations in his hand."

He was obeyed. Instantaneously every bonnet was removed, and eyes—soon, alas! to be closed in death—were raised reverently towards heaven, while lips moved convulsively in fervent prayer. The next moment and the two armies were engaged in deadly combat. Side by side Captain Paton and Richard Hamilton fought their way into the heart of the enemy. They were soon separated in the mêlée. Hamilton caught a glance at the impetuous captain. Standing in his stirrups, he was hewing down all who came in his way. Once more the van of the royalist army was driven back in confusion by the main body of the Covenanters; but, Dalziel charging with irresistible force on their right wing, their ranks were broken, and they gave way before the shock. To his horror, Richard Hamilton perceived the tide of battle turning in favour of their enemies.

"For God and our covenants!" he cried, and again rushed on the foe.

While struggling to regain the captain's side, he was attacked by three dragoons. To despatch the foremost was the work of a moment; but, unfortunately, while engaging with the others, his sword snapped asunder, and he was left defenceless.

"Yield!" cried one.

"Never!" shouted young Hamilton, fiercely; and with his clenched hand he dealt the soldier a blow which knocked him out of his saddle. Beyond measure exasperated by his comrade's fate, the third drew a pistol from his belt, and was about to discharge it at Richard Hamilton's head, when a royalist officer galloped hastily forward, and, striking up the pointed weapon, exclaimed, "Shame on you to attack an unarmed man!" In his preserver young Hamilton recognised Walter Nisbett. Without tarrying to receive any acknowledgments for the service rendered, the officer put spurs to his horse and rode off to another part of the field. With a muttered curse the soldier returned to the attack. A heavy stroke from the butt-end of his gun caused young Hamilton to reel in his saddle; but ere he could repeat the cowardly blow Captain Paton rode to the spot. Sweeping the soldiers from his path, with one blow of his weapon he despatched the dragoon, and, grasping his companion's horse by the bridle, bore its rider in safety to a neighbouring height. "All is lost!" he passionately exclaimed. "We have done all that men can do; but Dalziel's army is thrice our number, and who can stand against such fearful odds? We must fly; the gathering darkness will favour our escape." Speechless through vexation, young Hamilton gazed sadly down on the well-contested field. With a bursting heart he beheld the conquering royalists

plant their colours on the plain he once fondly hoped was fated to witness the downfall of tyranny. Covering his face with his hands, he turned sorrowfully away from the agonising scene. Under cover of night's sable cloud, they pursued their way towards Biggar, but soon the captain's horse fell lame. Unable to proceed, they halted at the door of a lonely cottage situated by the roadside, and requested shelter for the night. The occupant of the hut, a little frail old man, sighed deeply while gazing on their sorrowful countenances. His only son had also been present at the battle, and he trembled, on hearing of the Covenanters' defeat, lest his boy might be among the number of the slain. As hour after hour passed away without bringing any tidings of the absent youth, the aged father's anxiety became so great that he determined at once to visit the bloody plain, where, he was convinced, he should find his Jamie lying cold and stiff. Reckless of danger, his guests expressed their intention to accompany him; together they set out on their melancholy expedition.

What a ghastly spectacle the battle-field afforded to the eyes of those so lately engaged in the work of slaughter! In the hour of combat, when men's passions are inflamed to the utmost, and their souls burn with military enthusiasm, they take little heed of the horrors surrounding them; but when the bloody plain is revisited, how different the feelings animating their bosoms! The pulse which in battle's dread hour beat high with maddening impulse, now throbs calmly regular, and the eye that glared fiercely on the living foe, now sadly, perchance tearfully, surveys the dead lying in heaps around. Truly the stony aspect of death disarms man of his fiercest passions. Anger and revenge are alike forgotten at sight of the clay-cold form from whence life hath fled; lofty ambition and proud aspirations flee rebuked from before the soul-forsaken tenebment; and earth's greatest victor stands humbled in the presence of a conqueror still mightier than he.

While traversing the fatal green, the moon struggled forth from behind a leaden cloud, and its beams threw a sickly light over the unburied dead and trodden snow—nature's funeral pall over her martyred children. For a brief space, Captain Paton leant on his sword, and gazed musingly around. "To inflict death in the heat of battle is one thing," he observed to his companion, "and to look on it calmly another. While galloping amongst the foe, I experienced a wild pleasure in thinning their ranks; and now, when viewing the dead by the moon's pure rebuking light, fain would I restore that life of which I have deprived these royalists."

"Look on the mangled remains of your companions in arms," said Richard Hamilton, in reply. "See how the brutal soldiery have treated their remains!"

"Ay, truly," replied the captain. "Behold yon poor fellow, with his hand extended towards heaven, as though appealing against the inhumanity of which he has been the victim. Bereft of clothing, his wounds have been suffered to freeze in the wintry air!"

Here an anguished cry, proceeding from the lips of the anxious father, caused them to hasten towards him. They found him kneeling beside the prostrate form of a young man, in whose face he was gazing in silent agony. The moon's rays played on the pallid countenance of the young Covenanter, revealing to the onlookers the awful presence of death.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Richard Hamilton; "he has fought nobly."

"My Jamie!" at length exclaimed the bereaved parent, "I little thought, when guiding thy childish steps, that to me would be consigned the task of laying thy head

in the grave. Fondly I hoped thou wouldst be spared to comfort me in mine old age; but He who is wiser than his creatures has decreed otherwise. Thy bonny forehead is damp with the dews of death, and I am left to weep over thy untimely fate!" Placing his hand on the shoulder of the venerable mourner, Captain Paton besought him to be comforted. The old man looked wistfully in the speaker's face.

"Leave him not lying on the cold ground," he said, imploringly. "Assist me to bear home his remains, that I may lay them in the little garden adjoining my cottage. There, that my aged footsteps may wander around his last resting-place, let my Jamie be buried." The captain removed his military cloak, and, throwing it over the lifeless body, with the assistance of young Hamilton, bore it to the humble dwelling. In the dead hour of night they dug a grave on the spot indicated by the old man, and laid therein the hapless youth. While smoothing the sod covering his remains, a kettledrum was heard beating faintly in the distance. Captain Paton paused in his task. That old familiar sound roused the lion in his nature. With heaving chest he listened to the martial music of their victors.

"Not thus shouldst thou have been buried," he said, apostrophising the dead. "Not in secret and in darkness should a martyr in the glorious cause of liberty be interred. Still, let the ruthless conqueror proclaim his triumph with beat of drum and glittering pennon; more honourable the lowly grave where rests a patriot, than the bannered aisle and gorgeous tomb strewn with a tyrant's dust!"

Their sad duty accomplished, they returned to the cottage. Ere the sun's glad beams dispersed the mists of morning, the two friends bade adieu to their afflicted host, and continued their route towards Biggar. While passing through a narrow defile some little distance on their way, to their horror they discovered the ground to be strewn with dead bodies. Perceiving at once from the dress and appearance of the unfortunate men that they belonged to the Covenanting party, young Hamilton conjectured them to have been fugitives from Rullion Green, overtaken by the soldiers and shot in this sequestered spot. Exchanging indignant glances with his companion, he alighted from his horse, and proceeded to examine the bodies of the murdered men, lest happily he might find one whose wounds had not proved mortal. But the bloody work had not been left unfinished. On each cold forehead death had set its seal.

"Shame on the wretches!" he indignantly exclaimed, "thus to slay a few helpless countrymen, whose only crime consisted in their noble stand against foul oppression."

Observing his companion assume a listening attitude, young Hamilton paused, and inquired whether he heard anything.

"Richard," said the captain, hurriedly, "remount, and let us forward; there are horsemen in the rear, and I would rather they did not overtake us in this narrow lane."

Without tarrying to hear more, young Hamilton regained his saddle, and they rode briskly onwards. Scarcely, however, had they reached the highway ere the riders appeared in sight. At the sound of their voices Captain Paton turned round in his saddle and coolly reconnoitred the party.

"Humph!" he said, contemptuously; "six men and a stripling—we need not fear an encounter. Should they have the temerity to attack us, their insolence shall be repaid with suitable chastisement."

Following his comrade's example, young Hamilton

drew his sword, and, facing his charger round, stood awaiting their approach. With all the cool insolence of fancied superiority the royalists advanced, singing one of the anti-Whiggish airs then so popular with their class. When commencing the chorus—

"Come fill up your glasses, here's death to the Whigs," etc.,

Captain Paton, spurring his horse forward, charged the foremost horseman with such impetuosity that both steed and rider were borne to the ground. Transported with rage, the other royalists threw themselves on the captain; but, young Hamilton pressing forward to his assistance, they soon found themselves worsted. The combat was not of long duration. Captain Paton speedily despatched two of his assailants, and one of those confronting young Hamilton soon bit the dust. Dismayed, the survivors were preparing to beat a retreat, when a body of troops, apparently attracted by the clashing of steel, hastily emerged from the defile. Finding the odds too unequal to contend with, the intrepid pair were forced to seek safety in flight.

"Let us make for yonder wood," cried Captain Paton: "once there, we are safe."

Accordingly, they fled in that direction. Spurring their horses to their utmost speed, they soon distanced their pursuers; but, unfortunately, when nearing the wished-for point, young Hamilton's steed, which, unknown to its rider, had been wounded in the combat, reared high in the air, then, falling forward, stretched out its limbs in death. Perceiving the fatal occurrence, Captain Paton, who was some little way in advance, turned back to render his friend assistance, when suddenly about a dozen soldiers rushed forth from the wood, and, while several commenced a furious onslaught on his person, the others sprang on young Hamilton, and, ere he could extricate himself from the fallen animal, made him their prisoner. Seeing resistance to be hopeless, and satisfied that his young friend was not in instant peril, Captain Paton at once put spurs to his horse, and, dashing through the midst of them, gained the wood ere they had time to recover from their astonishment.

"COPPERS."

Of all the necessary things required for the carrying on of commerce in what may be termed its ultimate ramifications, "small change" is probably the most necessary and indispensable. It may be compared to the subtle sap which in spring-time circulates through bough and branch, and, penetrating to the uttermost twigs, clothes the whole forest in greenness and prosperity. Wherever there is a dearth of small change trade is sure to be hampered and perplexed, and if the want be not supplied, will stagnate altogether. When our colonies were first settled, the settlers suffered not a little from the want of copper coins, the absence of which reduced petty trading over the storekeeper's counter at times almost to a nullity, and led to a system of transactions by barter, as a result of which people continually found themselves in possession of quantities of things they did not want, and without the means of procuring what they were most in need of. Neither the home nor the local Government was in a hurry to remedy this state of affairs, and it was not until the small change had been in good part supplied by the enterprise of private speculators, who found their account in it, that the demands of commerce in this particular were met by a colonial coinage. Some forty years ago, when the heavy copper of 1797 was abundant in this country, the

practice prevailed of collecting the broad-rimmed penny-pieces of that date, and exporting them in barrels to the Cape of Good Hope, where the Dutchmen gladly received them at the value of five farthings each—the exchange thus yielding a profit of twenty-five per cent. to the exporters.

But the modern difficulty of the colonies was formerly also no small difficulty in our own country. There appears to have been no copper coinage in England until the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Before that time the silver penny was the chief money medium of the retail traders; it was indented with a cross, so that it might be easily broken into halves or quarters, the half being the half-thing, or halfpenny, and the quarter the fourth-thing, or farthing. As the value of silver increased, the pennies of silver grew less in size, and, by Elizabeth's time, a penny only weighed twelve grains, while the half-pence and farthings, shrunk to the size of mere spangles, were too minute for handling, and became more a plague than a convenience to their owners. The tradespeople, in this dilemma, took the matter into their own hands, and each began to study his own convenience by the issue of small coins on his own responsibility. Some of these new issues were of lead, others of tin, while some again were nothing more than stamped leather. The Queen promised to issue a copper coinage to supersede the use of such base material, but she did not keep her promise, and the copper really issued in her reign came from the private mintages of the traders, which increased to such a degree that, in a few years, there were thousands of tradesmen in London who issued their own tokens, convertible into legal coin at their own shops.

This very various issue had to be called in under James I, who granted a monopoly of copper-coining to some of his favourites, and even punished intermeddlers, who dared to coin on their own account, by whipping and the pillory. The monopolists, we may infer, therefore, had the game pretty much to themselves for some twenty or thirty years; but we find that, when the civil war broke out, and the monopolists were no longer of much account, the traders began once more to issue their tokens; and, as for a long time they were not interfered with, they issued them in greater numbers than ever. From 1648 to 1672, twenty-four years, these tokens were to the shopkeepers of London what our legal copper coinage is now, although they were based only on private responsibility. The fact is, they were a great boon to the middle and the lower classes of the inhabitants, who were too glad to accept of the convenience they offered to be over-anxious about the solvency of the issuers. The different issues in London amounted to about 2,500, and each issuer, on an average, sent forth about five pounds' worth a year; so that the aggregate of this spontaneous coinage must have represented no less a sum, during the whole period of its circulation, than £300,000, and that for London alone. The same system was, however, carried out in towns and boroughs, Bristol and Oxford setting the example. As a rule, the tokens bore on one side the issuer's name and address, and on the other his calling, with the sign of his shop or place of business; the practice of numbering the houses of citizens not having as yet been thought of. Some of the coins bore legends, rhyming posies, texts of Scripture, or formal promises to pay; and not a few of them were inscribed with what we should now call advertising puffs, evidently intended to enhance the issuer's reputation and extend his business connection. The coffee-house and tavern-keepers took especial care not to be behind the shopkeepers, and sent forth their

tokens with extra liberality. There are four different coins yet extant which issued from Garraway's Coffee-house, in Change Alley. There is the "Rainbow" (Fleet Street) farthing; the farthing of the "Cock," at Temple Bar; the halfpenny of "Y^e Devil and Dunstan's," within Temple Barre; and various other coins of small value dating from inns, taverns, and hosteleries, the very names of which have passed into oblivion. What is sufficiently curious about the coins of this date is the very peculiar orthography which marks a round number of them, and which tells us as plainly as possible that at that particular time there was far from being any general agreement on the subject of spelling. Thus six different engravers of dies spell Long Acre six different ways; ten of them make ten variations in spelling the Minories; Piccadilly appears in five different literal forms, and Tooley Street rejoices in six. Among odd methods of spelling are "Estinda hous," for East India House; "Senmeryoversters," for Saint Mary Overy Stairs; "Whitfrirs," for White Friars, etc., etc.

Looking to the price of copper in those days, the issue of these tokens must have been a rather profitable business for all concerned in it, and we need not wonder that so long as it was winked at by the Government this species of coining spread, as it appears to have done until it came to be practised by a very low and irresponsible class. The Government of Charles II, not being remarkable for thrift, neglected for a long time to interfere in the matter. In 1665, however, some copper coins were struck, though it would seem they were not approved of, as none were then issued. Seven years later, in 1672, Miss Stewart having sat for the figure of Britannia, a sufficient number of coins were minted and issued to the public, the circulation of the old and private tokens being at the same time prohibited by proclamation. It is not to be supposed that these disappeared at once: they could only be thrust out of circulation by a full supply of the legal tender; and it is on record that the seventeenth century had come to its close before the London tokens had lost their purchasing power. No new tokens were, however, minted after the publication of the royal proclamation; and we believe that none of the old London tokens are extant bearing a later date than 1672.

When over a hundred years had passed away, and the eighteenth century was waning in its turn, something like a similar state of things recurred in the provinces to that which had prevailed in London so long before. Owing to the increase of population, the spread of manufactures, and it may be to political complications which drained this country of its coined money, small change became scarce again, and the want of it gave rise to the issue of a large amount of copper coinage,* which, under the name of "provincial tokens," served to supply the deficiency. They were coined by employers in manufacturing districts, who must have found it profitable to pay wages with them, seeing that, although they were equal to the legal coinage in weight, they were yet, like the legal coinage, worth rather less than half the value they represented. In point of workmanship they far excelled the old London tokens, and many of them were really admirable specimens of art.

* "Wood's halfpence" and the Irish troubles, fomented by Swift in connection with that copper coinage, will occur to every historical reader. Hence the allusion of Pope, in his well-known lines—

O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaffe, or Gulliver,
Whether you choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or shake and laugh in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or dignify mankind,
Or your galled country's copper chains unbind!

They had, however, only a local circulation, and fell to a discount which was the greater as they travelled farther from the point of issue. An immense number of them must have been in use in the first years of the present century; and it is likely that their currency was allowed by the Government at a time when a constant drain of cash was going on from these shores in the shape of subsidies to the foes of the first Napoleon. We have seen a collection of these provincial tokens, comprising near 2,000 specimens; some of them must have been struck originally at considerable expense; so thoroughly artistic are they in design and execution. Most of them are marked with their values and places of issue; many bear the representation of some public building in the town from whence they proceeded; and many more are made the medium of advertising the business of the parties who sent them forth. We can recall the time—during the early years of the Peninsular war—when "change for a shilling" in any country town, especially if it was a town north of the midland counties, would be sure to comprise a number of these handsome tokens, which, in some places, would even be in excess of the Government coins. We can remember, too, when they were all "cried down," as the people termed it, by a sudden and summary proclamation, industriously posted everywhere at once, the reception of which was accompanied by dismal wailings on the part of poor market-women and small dealers, who were mulcted by the measure of a part of their little capital. After the proclamation there were pedlars and packmen to be found who would take the tokens in payment for goods at half their nominal value, and, by their means, it is supposable that a good proportion of them got conveyed back to their native districts, and were redeemed in full by their issuers. But of many the issuers were not to be found, and the abandoned coin in such case was often consigned to the melting-pot. A fair quantity, however, escaped this fate, and passed into the possession of a low class of coin-dealers, who sold them, as curiosities, for what they would fetch; while a few of them, owing to their similarity in size and marking to the legal coin, continued to circulate along with it, though in small quantities, continually growing smaller, until 1861, when the old copper had given place to the new bronze coinage. Even now the provincial tokens of the war-time are anything but rare; whoever is desirous of obtaining specimens of them has but to overhaul the rubbish of the marine-store dealers, where he will find them mixed up with counterfeit coins of the Roman emperors, old two-sou pieces of the French Republic, melted, by order of Napoleon, from the church bells; Italian baiocchi, defaced halfpence of our first and second Georges, American cents, Dutch pennings, and here and there a three-legged halfpenny of the Isle of Man.

We hinted above that the legal copper coins of this country were not worth more than half the value they represented. At the present moment we might alter that statement much for the worse, since the real value of a current penny can be scarcely more than a farthing. The principle of this is, of course, very bad, because a circulating cash medium should really be what it assumes to be, in order to provide against ultimate fraud; but in practice no wrong is done to any one, inasmuch as convenience only is involved in the circulation of small change, and transactions are not affected by its intrinsic value. In the case of the precious metals it is far different: anything which debases the gold or silver coin of a country much below its nominal value must inevitably have the worst effect upon the foreign

relations of that country, and upon its trade and commerce—simply by creating ruinous differences against it in the rates of exchange.

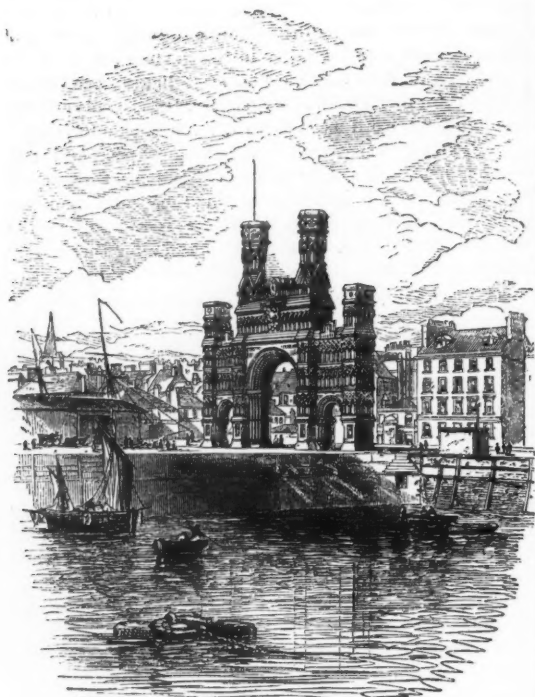
JOTTINGS ABOUT DUNDEE.

THE approaching meeting of the British Association at Dundee turns the eyes of the reading and scientific public to that good old town. To the etymologist and to the antiquarian the name Dundee is an unreadable riddle. Its etymology is a mass of hopeless confusion. "Alectum" is an old name "said" to belong to it; and that is fathered on "Halec," a herring, and "perhaps a corruption of the Gaelic *aileach*, beautiful, or handsome, and the Saxon *tun*, a town." Then, one of the mottoes to its coat of arms is *Donum Dei*. An easy step lands you from that to the modern name. But then there is *Dun*, a "law," or hill; and one of the marked features of Dundee is its "law," a conical hill rising to a height of about 525 feet above the level of the sea, and forming a graceful background to the good old town. *Dun* and *Tay* make out Dundee easily in the flexible hands of the etymologist. And there are at least half-a-dozen other possibilities, leaving this only certain, that the etymology of so simple a word as Dundee is altogether uncertain.

One looks into that remote and shadowy past, and tries to get a sure and steady glimpse of the early history of Dundee; but all is involved in the same hopeless mystery as its etymology. One thing is certain, that the Romans were there, or close at hand; for there is an indubitable Roman camp, on an eminence about two miles west of the modern town, "with high ramparts and spacious ditches, which were visible in Maitland, the historian's time" (1757). It is certain, too, that at a very early period it was a place of trade, possessing an accessible harbour; and it is equally certain that it was, at a remote point of time, a place of considerable ecclesiastical importance. But few places contain less abundant relics of their early past. At the Reformation there were many ecclesiastical buildings; but, with the exception of certain names of streets, and narrow entrances called "closets," and local tradition, the whole record of its past has been literally swept away. There is abundant oral tradition, and "it is said," "it is reported," "it is believed," but of firm footing in fact, or in any certain remaining visibility, there is next to nothing. There can be no doubt, for example, that there was once a strong castle, built too on a rock; but the only relic now remaining is in the name "Castle Street;" not only the castle, but the very rock itself, having been utterly demolished and swept away. The sites, too, of convents, nunneries, chapels, and other ecclesiastical buildings are marked only by here and there a name; there is, for example, a St. Roques, a St. Nicholas, a Magdalen Green, a Lady's Well; there are St. Clement's, St. Paul's, and other "saints," to no end; but of veritable stone and lime all has disappeared, to the very minutest fragment. It is curious, too, that Dundee seems to have been marked, from the beginning of its history, by a determined commercial spirit. Trade after trade was attempted and failed. But still the indomitable energy was up and at it; it tried again and again, till at last the day of hemp, flax, and jute appeared; Dundee triumphed and was victorious.

The old trades of the town have only left their marks in names of localities. Bonnet making, for example, once flourished in Dundee. The "Bonnetmaker's Hill" still remains, but the bonnets are now all made at Paisley. We need sing "Up with the Bonnets of

Bonnie Dundee" no more. Dundee tried its hand at the feet when the head failed, and took to the making of buckles. The "Buckle-maker's Wynd" is still to be seen, but the buckles are made in Sheffield or elsewhere. Glass-blowing, too, was tried; the "Bottle Works" remain, but no bottles are now made in Dundee. There is, or was, a "Candlemaker Row" also; but Dundee is no longer redolent of melted fat. Soap-boiling, leather-tanning,* sugar-refining, all have had their turns, and all have practically departed, and the names only remain to tell us what Dundee tried to accomplish and failed in getting done. Threadmaking once had a footing, and once seemed as if it were to carry the day; but that too went to Paisley with the bonnets, and settled there as the appointed task for "the Paisley bodies." We have occasional glimpses of "the linen trade" in the scant records of the olden time; and, as we shall by-and-by see, the spinning and weaving of these fabrics were the future tasks of the forthcoming generation of old Alectum, after it had finally become Dundee.



ARCHWAY AT DUNDEE.

(In commemoration of Queen Victoria's visit in 1844.)

The only relics of the veritable past might almost be reduced to two: the "Auld Steeple" and the East Port. The date of the steeple is not ascertainable with certainty. It will be interesting to the readers of Sir Walter Scott's novel, the "Talisman," to be told that "the Knight of the Leopard," on his return from the Holy Land, was, according to tradition, landed at Dundee. The quaint old Fuller, in his "Holy War," tells us that he was "by a tempest cast into Egypt, taken captive by the Turks, bought by a Venetian, brought to Constantinople, there known and redeemed by an English merchant, and at last safely arrived at Alectum in Scotland; which Alectum he, in memory and gratitude of his return, called Dundee, or *Dei donum*, God's gift."

* About the year 1792 the value of leather annually tanned was estimated at £14,200, and of boots and shoes exported about £7,000.

All this, however, Fuller gives on the authority of Hector Boece, or Boyce, the famous historian, who was a native of Dundee, and afterwards first principal of King's College, Aberdeen (1500); who doubtless gave the traditions as they were current in his boyhood. The whole particulars are given minutely; but at all events it is certain that there is no record to show that Earl David ever founded a church in Dundee; yet it is as certain that, about the year 1200, the church of St. Mary's, Dundee, was made over by grant of Earl David to the monastery which he founded at Lindores, in Fife, on the opposite bank of the Tay. Moreover, it is asserted that the architecture of the old steeple is the decorated, or second pointed style, which prevailed at least a century later than the date usually assigned to David's landing. The church, or churches, of which the steeple was an apange, were said to have been destroyed in the wars of the Independence by Edward I, about 1303. Again and again the churches suffered in the wars of the Commonwealth, in those of the Covenant, and finally the whole matter was ended by a general conflagration in 1841, when all that was really ancient utterly perished; the steeple church, as it is called, adjoining the old steeple, having been built as late as 1789. So that the steeple alone remains to tell the place where the "church in the fields" once stood.

The East Port is a relic of importance to mark the old town wall; but the modern town and the ancient hardly stand related to each other. The steeple, which once stood in the fields, is at the present time not far from being the centre of the town. "The steeple of Dundee is now, as it has been time out of memory, used as the bell-tower. It is a square massive building, 156 feet in height, and the walls are about 8 feet thick. A fine spiral staircase with an octagonal top is on the north-east side of the tower, and a small slated house, used at one time as a prison, gives rather an odd termination to this otherwise imposing and elegant, though much dilapidated structure. In old times the principal entrance to the church was from the west, by the door of the steeple."*

Dundee came in for its full share of troubles in the long and stormy past. In 1303 it was besieged and captured by Edward I in person, and tradition has it that he committed great havoc in the town, by destroying and sacking the churches and other public buildings, in the former of which the inhabitants are said to have deposited the more valuable of their goods.

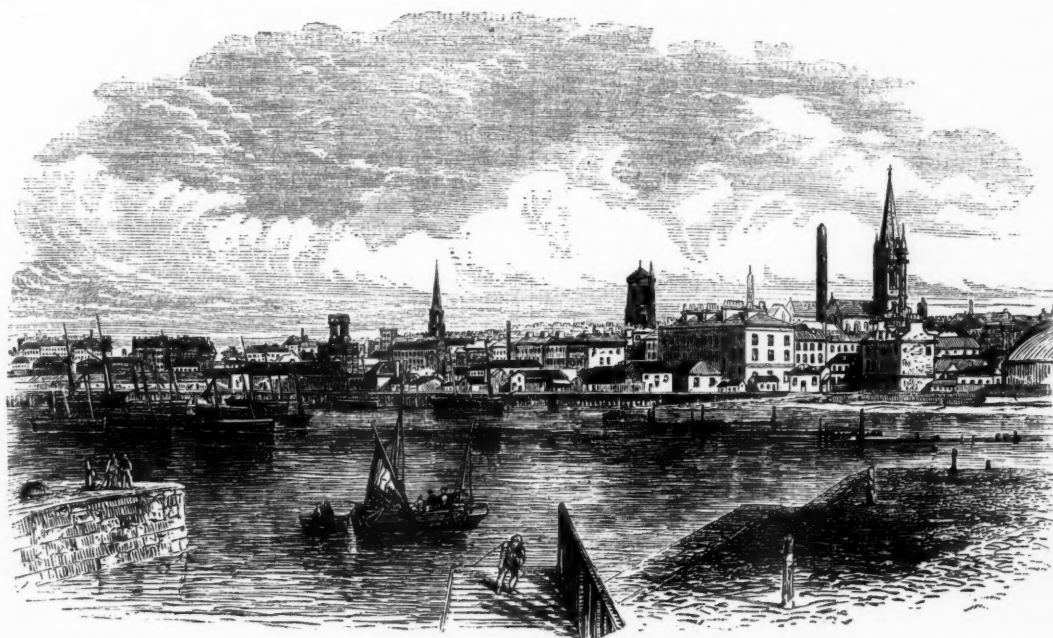
The early history of Sir William Wallace is a series of myths. But "Blind Harry," and local tradition, make it clear that at the age of sixteen he came to reside in Dundee, to complete his education. Here he quarrelled with one Selby, the son of the English governor of the castle, and slew him; whereupon he "fled to a neighbouring forest and gathered round him many bold adherents." The whole story is told in "Blind Harry" with much minuteness of detail, and in his graphic way; but the latest researches have proved that he is not to be trusted.

Dundee again suffered heavily under the Marquis of Montrose, who attacked it in 1645, forced an entrance, and, overpowering the inhabitants, left his soldiers to work their own wild will. They set fire to the town in many places, and a great part of it was reduced to ashes. In 1651, the town having come under the displeasure of Cromwell,

* "Memorials of Angus and Mearns," etc., etc. By Andrew Jervise. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1861. This book contains all that is needful to be known about Dundee. It is a thoroughly scholarly and accurate book. Some of the other histories of Dundee which we have consulted are simple agglomerations of fact and fiction in which the latter greatly predominates.

in consequence of having given shelter to Charles II, after his coronation at Scone, Monk was sent forth against it with an army. He is reported to have had hard work of it; and the story goes that a country boy, having climbed a tree and looked over the walls, observed

Cromwell that it "was much shaken of her former grandeur, but she was still, though not glorious, yet not contemptible." Before the assault it was second only to Edinburgh; but afterwards it speedily fell to the fourth rank, and it was very long before it regained even its



DUNDEE.

that "at nine o'clock all the strangers and soldiers used to take large morning draughts," and that before mid-day the greatest part of them "were well drenched in their cups." Monk took advantage of this, gave the assault at 12 o'clock on 1st September, 1651, and carried all before him. The governor, Lumsden, with a few friends, took possession of the old steeple, where they had to surrender at discretion, and the town was given over to sack and plunder. For three days, "it is said," the town was subjected to the leave and license of the soldiery, and it was only stayed on the third by the touching spectacle which met the eye of the general himself, of a child sucking the breast of its dead mother. We are told on the most moderate account that about 200 women and children perished, and about 800 of the inhabitants and soldiers. Lumsden and many others were slain. The plunder was great; one authority says it exceeded two and a half millions Scots; and another affirms that, "in consequence of people going from Edinburgh and other unfortified places with their wealth, in hopes of being more safe, among whom were many of the nobility and gentry of Scotland, Dundee afforded the best plunder that was gotten in the wars throughout all the three nations. This ill-gotten wealth was shipped on board several vessels, that were taken in the harbour; but the ships, possibly overloaded, "were cast away within sight of the town, and the great wealth all perished, without any extraordinary storm." The narrator comments, and closes with the brief adage, "Ill got, soon lost." After this calamity the population of the town decreased* greatly; in 1654 Tucker reports to

former splendour.* From a very early period Dundee had been engaged more or less in the linen trade. A charter granted by King David Bruce, in 1358, has the following words: "Wherein there is great trade of merchandise, and whereunto there is made great resort and repair of people;" and Hector Boyce says of the Dundee of his day (1526), "In which the people travel very painfully about, weaving and making of cloth." Till a comparatively recent period the flax was heckled and spun, and weaved and bleached by hand; now every one of these processes is accomplished almost wholly by machinery. The first mill for the spinning of yarn by machinery in Scotland was erected near Glamis in 1790; it turned out a profitless speculation. The total quantity of flax imported into Scotland in 1745 was 74 tons. The year after the first mill was built (1791) the quantity was 2,444; in 1830 it was 15,000 tons.† In 1792 the first flax-spinning mill, of ten-horse power, was erected and proved a failure; so did the second, erected in 1793. By the close of the century five mills in all had been built,

8,000; in 1680 to 6,500; and in 1746 to 5,300. It rose in 1766 to 12,400, from which period it has gradually risen till, in 1801, in round numbers, it was 26,000; in 1821, 34,500; in 1841, 59,100; while in this present year the population is supposed to be considerably over 100,000.

* It is said that nearly 100 ships belonged to Dundee prior to its capture by General Monk, in 1651. The record of "The Seaman's Fraternity" begins in 1652. In 1654 there were but 10 vessels belonging to the port. In 1706 there were but 22. "In the course of twenty-five years that number was more than doubled, and a similar result followed at the close of the last century." The number has continued to increase ever since.

† In 1864 the consumption of flax, tow, and codilla, hemp and jute, in Dundee was about 70,000 tons, taking which at the average value would make the worth of the raw material alone to be about £2,500,000 sterling. The value of the yarns and linens produced in Dundee cannot be less than £5,000,000; of which one-half is for home and the other for foreign consumption.

* In 1645 Dundee had a population of 11,160, Edinburgh about 34,000, Glasgow and Perth each about 6,000. In 1650 the population had fallen to

with a steam-power of about 60 horses, driving 2,000 spindles and spinning about 5,000 spindles of yarn per week. The increase was very rapid. In 1822 there were 17 engines of 178 horse-power at work; in 1832 there were 40 engines of 683 horse-power; and, if we include the surrounding neighbourhood, there were 48 engines of 800 horse-power. In 1851, in Dundee and neighbourhood, there were upwards of 40 mills, with a power of nearly 2,000 horses.* There is now one firm in Dundee which uses a horse-power of nearly half that amount. The firm of Baxter Brothers, at the head of which is Sir David Baxter, the gentleman who a few years ago presented his native town with the noble Baxter Park, has works for flax-spinning called "the Den's Works," which occupy an area of about ten acres; the works contain 16 steam-engines of 615 nominal horse-power, 20,000 spindles, and 1,200 power-looms, and employ about 4,000 hands. The value of the goods they produce is about a million sterling a year. In a single hour more yarn could be spun, and cloth weaved, at these works than could have been accomplished in a whole week, even less than half a century ago; so rapid has been the progress of our Dundee friends in this manufacture. The linen manufacture is the great feature of Dundee. It must not be supposed, however, that this is the sole manufacture for which the place is famous. Who has not worn a pair of "Dundee kid gloves" in his time? And who has not tasted a Scotch breakfast, which is never complete in any part of the world without a pot of "Dundee marmalade." Both manufactures are still carried on.

If you sail up the Tay, the conical hill called the "Law"† first attracts the eye; then, as you approach, the forest of masts in the harbour tells that you are drawing near a large shipping port. Previous to 1815 the harbour may be said to have been non-existent. Since that time the larger part of a million of money has been spent in making it, next after Liverpool, one of the best harbours in the United Kingdom. A hundred years ago the shore dues produced less than £100 yearly. In 1793 they had reached £560; 1796, £1,550; and in 1863 they had reached £23,564; so fast does Dundee flourish. But in drawing near to the town, whether by sea or land, the striking feature is the linen works of all sorts; the tall chimneys of every shape and form, and the vast "spinning-mills," warehouses, and "factories" of every degree of architectural plainness and elegance, a goodly sight to see! Under the head "linen," the reader, perhaps, needs to be told, much is comprehended. It includes sheetings, sailcloth, drills, dowlas, sacking, and bagging. All the coarser fabrics are made to perfection here; and, since the days of jute, the trade has been considerably extended in the shape of coarser carpetings, rugs, and the like articles. Of course there are many trades that grow around the main trade. The machines that are used in all the various processes are mostly made in Dundee. Then there is the trade of the packer, the calenderer, the dyer, the bleacher, and the like adjuncts, which make the town and the whole surrounding neighbourhood as busy as a hive of bees on a summer day.

In the days of old, when women used first the distaff, afterwards the single, and then the two-handed wheel, such a thing as "gas" to light up a house,

* In 1864 there were 61 separate works, with a total of 160 steam-engines of 4,621 horse-power, driving 170,553 spindles, 6,709 power-looms, and giving employment to 36,020 work-people.

† On the top of the Law are the remains of a "vitrified fort," sorely broken and damaged, however, by the successive strategic uses to which the hill has been put by the various besiegers of the town, chiefly by Monk.

and even a whole town, was not so much as thought of. In those days "the whale-fishery" was of much more importance than it is now. If the ships returned from Greenland "clean," or but partly filled, the result was that the price of whale oil rose immediately. In Scotland, as far north only as Dundee, the winter nights are very long; and if oil was dear it was a sore privation for the poor weaver, or the still poorer cottager. In those days Dundee was much more dependent on the success of its whale-fishery than now. Perhaps the reader would not object to a sentence or two in the form of an extract, about this matter of whale-fishing as connected with Dundee.

"On the 27th July, 1804, arrived the 'Mary Anne' from Davis' Straits, brimful of blubber. Besides having all her casks full, nearly two large whales were stowed in bulk, and her pumps were choked with oil. The whale-fishing," continues our author, "has long formed an important branch of the trade of Dundee, and, from its nature, with varying success. Sometimes two prosperous years have followed each other, but more frequently a successful season has been succeeded by one or more bad or indifferent ones. In one year nine vessels brought 195 fish, about 1,800 tons of oil, valued, with bone, etc., at from £60,000 to £70,000. 1832 and 1833 were also most successful years, the nine vessels belonging to Dundee having 235 and 219 fish in these years respectively. In the latter year the produce was about 100 tons of whalebone, and 2,015 tons of oil, of the estimated value in all of £65,300. In 1833 the gross produce of the year's fishing by British vessels was estimated at 15,000 tons of oil. Since then some very fortunate years have rewarded the exertions of the whale-fishers; but, on the whole, the trade has not been so profitable as it formerly was. This year (1864) a more valuable fleet has gone to the fishing from this port than ever left it before, the whole having steam power to aid them. May success attend their labours."* To which prayer we cordially append an Amen!

Dundee used to be one of the very worst places known to us, in respect of all sanitary arrangements; it was worse than even Edinburgh was. Everything was bad. The houses were piled one above another; houses behind houses; long dark narrow entries, called "closes," admitting you to piles of wretched humanity packed to suffocation in sunless, airless, waterless courts. There could hardly be said to be any water supply. There were public wells in the streets, to which servants and others had to resort, and stand gossiping and talking scandal, if not even worse than that, often for hours, waiting their turn to have their pitcher filled. Good water was latterly carted from the distance of several miles in the country, and sold at a halfpenny a pailful. The drainage, if drainage it could be called, was wretched in the extreme, and the smells and sights were far from suggestive of the favourite epithet of its townsmen, "Bonnie Dundee." Now, all that too is changed. "The Dundee Water Company was formed in 1846. Its reservoirs are situated in the parish of Monikie, about ten miles distant from the town; and from these an abundant supply of water

* "The Linen Trade, Ancient and Modern." By Alex. J. Warden, Merchant, Dundee. London: Longmans & Co. 1864. We have been greatly indebted, in the preparation of this article, to Mr. Warden's volume. It does its author great credit. We hardly know a monograph on any particular subject to compare with it. If any reader wants to know all about linen in all its departments, in all countries, in all the ages of the world, all that he can desire is gathered in this volume. Perhaps the style wants what an author might call "finish," but the facts are all there, and they are told in a right, intelligent, clear, and manly way. The manner in which the writer deals with "Bible Linen" does him much credit.

has been procured." In an admirable pamphlet* on the "Medical and Legal Aspects of Sanitary Reform," just issued, we read, under the heading of "Dundee," that it has a permanently appointed officer of health, at a sufficient salary; that its drainage is "perfect;" and, as to its water supply, that "the defect in the poorer districts is, that the water is not brought into their houses, although wells are contiguous to them; the better class of workers have water in their houses."

We have said that Dundee possesses few relics. There is one curious relic, quite unique, as we believe, which it does possess. Dundee has the venerable ruins of a railway! One of the very earliest railways made in the United Kingdom was a short line from Dundee to Newtyle—in length about twelve miles. It was a curious series of engineering blunders. It began with an inclined plane, and a stationary engine which drew the train rather more than half way up the hill; then came a tunnel, and then a short level. Then came another long inclined plane, with a stationary engine atop, which landed you on the next short bit of level, from which you were, generally, safely let down again by another stationary engine, to the bottom; and last of all, and best of all, in its earliest days the railway ended nowhere; there was hardly a dozen of contiguous houses within miles of the terminus! But *nous avons changé tout cela*.

No notice of Dundee, however brief and fragmentary, as this of ours must necessarily be, could omit mentioning "the Houff," as it is called. "Houff" is the German "Hof"—home, house, haunt: *this Houff* is the house appointed for all living. It is a kindly name: the home, the home of our friends and relatives. There they lie, disturbing no one. In the oldest times there were various burying-grounds within the town; but they were inconveniently crowded. In the year 1564, Mary, Queen of Scots—who, by the way, honoured Dundee with a visit—granted the burgh a license to bury its dead in the yard or garden of the Franciscan or Grey Friars. Previous to that time the ground had been used as a place of interment both by the friars and their benefactors. It was first walled round in 1601, during which year collections were made at the church doors for the purpose of fencing it with stone walls, of which the western portion is still entire; and a fine and firm piece of work it is. It is not now used as a place of burial, but is beautifully laid out and neatly kept. With the exception of the old Grey Friars churchyard in Edinburgh, no other burial-place in Scotland possesses a greater number of interesting tombstones, so quaint in their inscriptions, so strangely elaborate in their carvings. The finest collection of trade monograms might be greatly added to by a survey of the Houff at Dundee. One epitaph, at least, tells the truthfulness of the capture of the town by Monk: "The monument of George Brown, a most deserving Baillie of Dundee, who, having happily discharged this office for the space of ten years, was mortally wounded by the enemy in the heat of the fight; of which wounds, having become faint in fighting, by death he paid his debt to nature, to his city, and to his country, 2 Oct. 1651." There is another of a very different sort, of a George Brown, but quite a diverse George Brown, who evidently took care that during his own life his light should not be hid under a bushel. "The monument of a singular matron, Grizell Scott, spouse to George Brown, then a renowned Baillie, now advanced to the Provostship by the greatest love, honour, and respect of all persons. 1667." This re-

minds us of the epitaph in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, on the tombstone of a famous lamp-maker, where, after the virtues of himself and of his lamps are duly set forth, we are fully informed that his weeping and disconsolate widow still carries on the business as formerly, at No. so-and-so of such-and-such a street. Before ending this matter of cemeteries, we should say that the poor weaver-poet, William Thom, of Inverury, died in Dundee, more than twenty years ago, and was buried in the Western Cemetery there. We give, in a foot-note, one of his most beautiful poems, the title of which has suggested to the genius of Fæd one of his finest paintings. We feel sure, if the reader can understand its quaint Scotch, he will do as the present writer did, if he happens to visit Dundee—pay a pilgrimage to the grave of the author of these touching verses.*

Our article has already exceeded the due limits, and it has assumed more of the guide-book shape than we could have desired;† and we may as well finish it in the style in which we have begun, by adding a something concerning the great men of the town.

Admiral Lord Duncan was born in Dundee. The house in the Seagate, where he was born, is still, or lately was, to be seen. His parents were Dundee people—his father a civic dignitary—and the family possessed a good estate at Lundie, a parish lying about seven miles to the west. The family mansion, Camperdown House, an elegant building, is within about two miles of the town, and, with its spacious grounds and beautiful gardens, is one of the ornaments of the neighbourhood. The cutwater, and part of the bowsprit of the ship in which the admiral fought, with a cannon-ball still adhering to the rent it made, are preserved in the grounds.

* THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

1.
When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand dame,
Wha stands laet and lanely, and satirly forlorn?
It's the poor dowie laddie, the mitherless bairn.
2.
The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lone bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heeles are hard as the airn,
And lithless the lair of the mitherless bairn.
3.
Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
Of hands that wot kindly to comb his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches a' reckless and stern,
That love na the locks of the mitherless bairn.
4.
The sister wha sang o'er his softly-rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where their manny is laid,
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
And kens na the wrangs of his mitherless bairn.
5.
Her spirit, that passed in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wanderings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Who couthie deal with the mitherless bairn.
6.
Oh speak him na harshly, he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour of anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn.

† Here is one morsel more of the guide-book sort:—"The place in the Seagate where Girssal Jaffray was executed for witchcraft on the 11th of November, 1669, is still pointed out. Near it is the house in which the Pretender lodged in 1716, and where the celebrated Admiral Duncan was born fifteen years afterwards. The Wishart Port stands near the east end of the same street. The house in which General Monk had his residence stands at the bottom of the Overgate, nearly opposite to which are the so-called remains of the Nunnery of the Grey Sisters. These and the picturesque building in the Green Market, once used as the Custom-house, together with those in the adjoining street and in the Vault, in which stands the stately tenement of 'Strath Martin's Lodging,'" are nearly the only remaining traces of the old houses of Dundee. Here and there are continental-looking houses, plastered and with wooden gables; but they are few and far between, and are fast passing away.

* "The Medical and Legal Aspect of Sanitary Reform." By Alexander P. Stewart, M.D., and Edward Jenkins, Barrister-at-Law. London: R. Hardwicke, 1907.

A few numbers back we gave some account of the life and writings of him "who sang the 'Song of the Shirt.' " To the present writer, who is also of that ilk, as Scotchmen say, it is a proud thought that Thomas Hood is a Dundee man. In his early youth Hood was apprenticed to an engraver. "His health, however, beginning to suffer from confinement, it was found necessary to put an end to that engagement, and he was sent to a relation in Scotland, where he remained some years with great benefit. He returned to town about the beginning of the year 1821."* His son, the writer of the memoir, adds, in a footnote, "He was two years in Scotland, and made his first appearance in print there—first in the Dundee paper in a letter, and afterwards in a local magazine." Why does not some local literate ferret out these first efforts of Hood's prolific pen? They would be more than curious and interesting. The name of Hood is still a common one in and about Dundee.

Besides Boyce, or, as his name is sometimes Latinised, Boethius, who is one of the earliest of Scottish historians, no other name stands sufficiently forth on the roll of Dundee worthies to make it of world-wide interest. There was one man who lately died there, of whom the world was not worthy. James B. Lindsay, as a linguist, as a mathematician, as a man of general scientific acquirements, and as a theologian, combining all with a modesty, a humility, and a simplicity of character of the very rarest sort, surpassed all the men the present writer, in a somewhat extended acquaintance with men of literature and of scientific acquirements, ever knew. And yet this man, who was familiar with more than fifty languages, and intimately acquainted with the subtlest and abstrusest mathematical questions, at one time taught the prisoners in the gaol at a salary of some thirty pounds a year! He spent his whole time in teaching and study, and died loved as a brother by all who ever had the good fortune to know him. When the Dundee people set about the erection of a few statues for the adornment of their town and noble park, let them not forget Provost Hallyburton and James B. Lindsay.

THE END OF WILLIAM PITT.

THE year 1804, in which Pitt returned to office, and the following year, in which he had to bear single-handed the weight of government, were among the darkest periods of English history. For, in 1804, Bonaparte, seizing the reins of government as emperor, and succeeding in separating Spain from England and uniting her with France, had assumed the crown of Italy, extended his dominion over Holland, and completed his preparations at Boulogne for the invasion of England. The year 1805 was no less formidable. In that year the united fleet of France and Spain, having decoyed Lord Nelson to the West Indies, had for some weeks the command of the English Channel; and Napoleon, standing on tiptoe on the heights of the chalk cliffs of Boulogne, waited only for the signal that his fleet had arrived to cross the Channel with his gunboats, and throw such a force on the shores of England as we could not have successfully opposed. Worse than all, such at that time was the rancour and blindness of party, that neither Fox nor Addington believed in the existence of

the danger, but treated it as the idle bugbear or the shabby fraud of Government. All these dangers to be met, our fleet to be equipped and sent forth, negotiations and loans to be made in order to unite Austria and Russia in a confederacy against France; the whole of this enormous labour, only diversified by the anxious conflicts of debate, fell, with its full weight, on Pitt's shattered frame. With marvellous buoyancy he bore up under the burden. Anxious for rest, but unable to find a day; longing to retreat to Walmer, but for two years not finding a single interval; urged by his physician to take the waters at Bath, but prevented from following the advice, it was no wonder that he felt, and showed in his looks, the unalleviated strain. Yet such was his vigour of mind, that, when, in November 1805, he escaped to the Wilderness at Lord Camden's, and joined a circle of friends, his conversation was buoyant still, and he detailed, with his ancient eloquence, the emotions with which he had received at night and opened the despatches that told him of Lord Nelson's death, in the arms of victory, at Trafalgar. At the same time speaking (it was his last speech) at Guildhall, on the Lord Mayor's day, after he had been drawn to the Mansion House with exultation up Cheapside, his few words, heard by Sir A. Wellesley, delivered by that majestic voice that was never to be heard again, recalled, in their patriotism and disinterestedness, the character of his life.

On the back of this enormous pressure came the last thundering blow. The news of the capitulation of Mack, in October, had reached London early in November. But the blow was lightened by the tidings of the victory of Trafalgar, which annihilated Napoleon's fleet, and rescued England from danger by sea. On the 2nd of December, the great coalition of Russia and Austria, which Pitt had laboriously framed, and from which he expected so much, was crushed on the field of Austerlitz. When he received these despatches, Pitt asked for a map of Europe, and desired to be left alone: and soon after, when he reached his house at Putney Heath, observing a map of Europe hanging on the wall, he said mournfully, but with the prophetic instinct of genius, "Roll up that map; it will not be wanted for ten years!" The effect of this blow on the weakened body was instantaneous; his look was changed; it became wan and sunk; his voice lost its rich melody; the powers of digestion were gone. To a friend, his servant said that from this time he used to hear his master walking up and down his bedroom great part of the night; that at times he had ventured in, and had remonstrated with him; but, even when he induced him to go to bed, Pitt kept a light burning near him, and his bed was covered with papers. No wonder that the poor body could not stand such usage.

On the 9th of January, 1806, Pitt left Bath, and returned to his house on Putney Heath to die. Long after—as late, indeed, as 1840—the villa remained little altered, and the stranger might see the room in which the great statesman died. The villa, which stands near the summit of the Heath, not far from the Telegraph, had been taken by Pitt, when he resumed office in 1804, as a refuge from the labours of London, where, on a dry soil and a pure air, the labouring statesman might find rest. Rallying for a moment in consequence of the change, he allowed some of his political friends to visit him, and conversed with Lord Wellesley and others with unabated vigour on subjects of public interest. But the excitement was too much, and he fainted away. From that day, the 14th of January, he kept the house. The physicians at first buoyed themselves with hopes that their skill might save him. But on the 19th a typhoid

* "Memorials of Thomas Hood," etc. In 2 volumes. London: Moxon, 1860. Vol. i., page 7. These two volumes, we grieve to say, are only and chiefly some of the materials out of which a life of Hood might be written. It has not yet been done.

fever set in, and all hope disappeared. We borrow what remains of the story from the narrative given by the Bishop of Lincoln, at the time, to the Dean of Carlisle.* "The bishop had often pressed the physicians to allow him to inform Mr. Pitt of his danger; but he had been constantly refused by them. At length, on Wednesday, January 22nd (Pitt died on the 23rd), his physicians told the bishop that it was nearly over, and that he might say what he pleased. On this the bishop desired admittance into Mr. Pitt's room, and he and one of the physicians entered it together. 'Mr. Pitt,' the physician said, 'the Bishop of Lincoln is here.' Pitt, opening his eyes, said, 'Well?' in a tone that expressed, 'What is there in that?' The bishop then said, 'Mr. Pitt, I am sorry to find you so poorly this morning: I should much wish to read a prayer to you.' In an instant Pitt turned to the other side of the bed, and said to his physician, 'How long do you think I have to live?' When the physician hesitated, and muttered something, that it was certain he was much indisposed, but that many had recovered who had been as ill, and he might yet perhaps be restored to health, Pitt fixed his penetrating eye on him, and quietly asked him to leave the room. He then turned himself to the side on which the bishop was standing, and looked steadily at him. The bishop renewed his offer to read a prayer, suited to so solemn an occasion. Pitt replied, 'I have lived so much in the habitual neglect of prayer that I think it almost unbecoming, and, I fear, unavailing, to pray now.' The bishop answered this remark, and read some of the prayers of our liturgy. There was then a long and deep silence; and after this Pitt said, 'I am sure I have had great infirmities, and done many things that I wish I had not done; but I have tried to follow God's will, and, clasping his hands with great energy, 'I cast myself on the mercies of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ.'"

On the following day Pitt died; and it is said that a servant, sent the same day from Wimbledon to inquire after his health, finding no one to answer his inquiries, wandered into the house, went from room to room, till, in the bedroom upstairs, which looks with its bow-window over the Heath, he found the body of him who a few hours before had filled England with hope and France with fear, stretched in that deep stillness which gives to death its awful power. Wilberforce remarks—"The time and circumstances of his death were peculiarly affecting; and I really believe that it dwelt on the minds of the people in London for a whole week. But London soon returned to its gaiety and giddiness; and all the world has been for many days busied about the inheritance, before the late possessor is laid in his grave."†

SIMILES AND APHORISMS FROM THE TAMIL.

TAMIL, the language of the Carnatic, and spoken by about ten millions of Hindoos, if inferior to Telugu in sweetness, and to Hindustani in ease of acquisition, is undoubtedly one of the most exact and logical of languages. Its literature, though very extensive, is unfortunately deficient in prose; for, until quite lately, the Tamulian thought it necessary that all works, whether

treating of ethics, grammar, medicine, or theology, should be written in the most ornate and condensed style of poetry. Hence it is that it is only in verse that the strength and beauty of the language have as yet been developed.

Tamil poetry, however, is of no mean order; though, as in the case of most Eastern languages, it overabounds in similes. If a queenly bride casts herself down in sorrow for the absence of her lover, we are told, "As a flowering creeper fallen from its hold, she fell and wept" (Adivira-râman). Tiruvalluvar, the Milton of Southern India, begins his greatest work, the Kural, by instituting a comparison between the letter A and the Deity. Auvaiyar, his reputed sister, and the authoress of a collection of exquisitely poetical aphorisms, also delights in the frequent use of similes, at once fantastical and beautiful. In fact, every Tamil poet revels in imagery, and seems to possess a faculty of perceiving analogies which Butler or Cowley might have envied. The following will illustrate this. These aphorisms are taken almost at random from the works of the best Tamil poets:—

1.

From Auvaiyar's Mûdurai.

So with the books on which it feeds, the mind
Is upwardly or downwardly inclined,
As with the water upon which it lies
The water lily will descend or rise.

2.

From the same.

Bless your worst foe: in this is wisdom shown.
Mute, the fair tree shades those that hew it down;
Th' impeded stream makes cool the rocks that stay
Its crystal current on its glassy way.

3.

From the same.

Gold vessels broken still as gold we prize,
And wisdom's sons are, e'en when ruined, wise.
But worthless men when ruined, what are they?
Vessels of clay when broken are but clay.

4.

From Tiruvalluvar's Kural.

How softly bends the bow—it bends to kill!
Green grows the grass upon the fiery hill.
Trust not much courtesy, of smiles beware—
The deadly arrow, singing, cleaves the air!

5.

From the Nanneri.

Paint decks the wall; the wall-flower needs no dye:
Gems may adorn the neck, but what the eye?
Without his crown how commonplace the king!—
The rich in wisdom need not anything.

6.

From the same.

The iron bar or hammer strikes in vain
To cleave a rock which soft roots rend in twain:
The man whose flinty heart no force can move,
Say, is he proof against soft words of Love?

7.

From the same.

Fair bride, brave youth, with life-long constancy,
Though twain yet one, in doing good agree:
Do not both eyes, though twain, in one unite
To view whatever meets their single sight?

8.

From Aranerichâram.

Though twain, yet one, and running to one goal,
As chariot wheels, though twain, together roll;
Light be your load of life, your pathway clear,
Your common goal when farthest seem most near!

9.

Nâladiyâr.

Loud croak the frogs while gently falls the rain;
Sweet streams flow still while bellows the salt main:
Which rustles most, the green leaf or the sear?
Thus Folly's voice than Wisdom's more we hear.

10.

From the same.

When autumn flames ravage the mountains dry,
Trees, girt by grass and reeds, though verdant die,
Thus if with Evil Virtue make her home,
On both alike will blind Destruction come.

* The bishop has toned down this narrative in his biography, and Lord Stanhope has naturally adopted his account; but our information comes from contemporary sources remarkable for their accuracy, and there is no doubt that the scene occurred as here described.

† "William Wilberforce: his Friends and his Times." By J. O. Colquhoun. Longmans.

11.

Auvaiyar's Mādurai.

While the tank's water to the rice-field flows,
It feeds the grass that by the channel grows;
Thus God's good gifts to his own children sent,
Make them, too, glad for whom they were not meant.

12.

From the Nallvari.

Who calls the bat, far wand'ring o'er the waste,
When winds blow loud, and skies are overcast,
Points her dim vision to yon hill's far brow,
Where ripe fruit bends the reddened banyan's bough?
The same good providence, through storm, through night,
To Truth's fair tree will guide thy course aright.

13.

From the Vīcha-Chintāmani.

Born in religion's lap, some shun her love,
Nor care the sweetness of her breasts to prove:
So the dull frogs that haunt the lotus tank,
Ne'er of the nectar of the lotus drank,
For which the bee, from forests far away,
Hastes, with a dew-wet wing, ere dawn of day.

R. C. C.

VOLCANOES OF AUVERGNE.

II.—THEIR CHARACTER AND TESTIMONY.

THE pleasure of discovery, and the bliss of ignorance, are alike becoming unattainable. To whatever country you direct your steps, within moderate distance from civilisation—to whatever subject you devote your investigations, you are now sure to find an exhaustive book awaiting your attention. All we can do is to verify the observations made by others before us in the same field. Mr. Poulett Scrope, M. Lecocq, Dr. Daubeny, and Sir Charles Lyell have so entirely unpacked all the contents of Auvergne, that there is little left now for the explorer to do save to accept and verify the conclusions in which they agree, or to become a partisan of one or the other when they differ. Yet there is a pleasure in seeing for ourselves, which no description, however graphic, no picture, however photographic, can give. This, and a love for pedestrianism in by-ways, led me to Auvergne. I am well assured that no person can make a pilgrimage to this province without experiencing pleasurable surprise and collecting fresh information.*

The aspect of the district is not that which would be produced by a few single vents, pouring out torrents of molten rock, but as if the whole crust of the earth around the area of disturbance had been rent and ruined by successive explosions, its surface strewn over with the fragments, and then rent and ruined again, covered with hot cinders, and blistered with streams of basalt or lava. The framework and base are of granite rock; but these do not form the highest eminences, for huge hills and plateaus of igneous products are piled up on the granite floor, and form the Puys, or Pies, which give to so many parts of the district its wild peculiar character. The tall peaks of trachyte overhanging the valley of Mont Dore rise to the height of 6,217 feet above their foundation of granite. The lofty volcanic cone of the Puy de Dome, 4,842 feet high, is altogether above the granite. Many of the puys are formed of at least four thousand feet of cinders, sometimes capped with hard basalt.

The proofs of ancient fiery action are—1st. Numerous

* Nor is it only to the geologist or naturalist that Auvergne is full of interest. Its antiquities are venerable, its dialect peculiar, and the habits and customs of the people offer some peculiarities, as all mountain regions do. As to their religion, I may say, once for all, that whilst in public the ritual of Rome prevails exclusively, and with distressing predominance of Mariolatry, yet there is ample opportunity for tract distribution and for conversations on the Gospel. Rarely will either be unwelcome, either with the wayfarer or the route, or in the homes accessible to the traveller.—S. R. F.

small conical hills covered with scoria, having craters, either entire, or, as is most frequently the case, broken down on one side. 2nd. Trachytic mountains, composed of matter evidently once in a heated state, thrown up from the interior. 3rd. Lava streams with cindery surfaces, occurring in long lines, and traceable to a centre of eruption. 4th. Huge accumulations of vitreous and pumice-like products. 5th. Layers of conglomerate or pudding-stone, composed of cinders imbedded in hardened mud. 6th. The occurrence of large fragments of the subjacent granite stuck in these conglomerates, as if torn and thrown up by explosive force. 7th. The evident change in materials lying alongside the volcanic matters, effected by contact.

There are numerous varieties of volcanic rock; those which occur on a large scale in Auvergne are *basalt*, a dark, compact vitrified stone, sometimes found with a columnar structure, like the pillars of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway. I was rejoiced, after a long dreary walk from Brioude, on nearing Le Puy, to see joints of basalt used for milestones, without any other preparation than cutting them to the requisite length: they were quite elegant adaptations; *clinkstone*, which is a hard slaty condition of igneous rock; *lava*, which is rock in the form of slag: the appearance of a solidified stream of this is most striking—I first encountered it near Clermont, and traced up the novel phenomenon to the extinguished fires of Gravenoire, the lava becoming more covered with glass-like products as we approach its primitive fount; *trachyte*, a dull white rock—in fact, compact pumice-stone; *tuff*, *ashes*, and *cinders*, often cemented together, frequently lying at a steep slope notwithstanding its loose structure.

The order in which these products occur is not uniform. On the whole, the softer masses, the trachyte and ashes, were first deposited, so that there is constantly occurring the curious spectacle of a hill with a soft base and hard cap. The lower part will in this case be more difficult to climb than the upper. The basalt usually occupies the middle, and the lava the top; but there are numerous alternations at variance with this arrangement. The uppermost bed (over the lava) is a confused ash-bed, with gravel above and below it.

Some of the volcanic products are hostile to vegetation, but in other places, as around Mont Dore, they form an excellent soil. The mountains are carpeted with exquisite flowers over their very summits. The Pic de Sancy has a robe of verdure of great thickness and beauty.

There are upwards of a hundred distinct craters in Auvergne, and still more numerous other points of eruption. More than one thousand fiery sources have been observed in the district of Le Puy alone, from which basalt has flowed, and upwards of one hundred from which lava has issued. The highest peaks do not bear craters on their summits, but appear as though the original crater had been smothered by its own products, and by the ashes heaped up from explosions.

Many of the valleys are connected with lines of original fracture. Many others have been deepened, and many made, by the scarping effect of waters disturbed by the igneous outbursts. Lakes have been made from buried rivers, again reduced to dry valleys by elevation, and the streams diverted.

There are three great centres of volcanic disturbance, as a glance at the geological map will show,—Mont Dore, the Cantal, and the Mezen. From each have radiated out the waves of destructive and reconstructive material. Auvergne must have been tenfold more

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GORILLAS AT HOME.

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terrible than Iceland when the grand display of physical force exhibited by its volcanoes was in full action.

From an inspection of the strata, we find that the volcanic forces first began to play whilst the marls at the base of the Limagne series were being deposited, and continued to play, with very long intervals of quiescence, down to the period of the existence of the present races of animals.

I ascertained the last fact by following the indications given by Sir Charles Lyell. I rode down the pleasant valley along which the river Couze flows from Lake Chambon. The river and road accompany a lava torrent issuing from the Puy de Tartaret. Near the upper part, not far from St. Nectaire, a Roman bridge crosses the stream, and its abutments are excavated in the solid lava; so that the volcano must have been still and cold then. At the end of the valley, near Nechers, the same lava has flowed, and become solid over a bed of clay and gravel, which must, of course, have been lying there when the lava flowed down. In this clay and gravel are found bones of about forty animals, all of *genera* now inhabiting the country, but nearly all of them *specifically* different from the creatures of the present day. The shells of freshwater snails found in the clay are the same as existing species.

The time of the cessation of the fiery flood is supposed to be determined by the fact that human remains have been discovered at Mont Denise, on the slope of the hill facing the city of Le Puy, not far from the main road there. In the museum of the town I saw the celebrated block of loose volcanic stone which contains these contested remains of the fossil man of St. Denise. Their integrity has been as hotly disputed as that of the jawbone produced at Abbeville. The substance of the specimen from Mont Denise has certainly a suspicious appearance, being composed of two masses of different material, the bones lying in one part only. I had the advantage of the explanations of M. Aymard, of Le Puy, perhaps the best authority on the fossils of the district, of examining the spot where the alleged discovery took place, and of reading the record of the two days' discussion which occupied the Scientific Congress of France at their meeting in 1855 at Le Puy. I will not weary the reader with the arguments pro and con; my conviction is that the remains are genuine. Others subsequently brought to market are certainly fabrications.

The specimen, if genuine, belongs to the very latest eruption of ashes, and the latest extensive torrent of volcanic mud. It was buried after the present configuration of hill and valley prevailed; indeed, it is imbedded in what may be a comparatively modern agglomeration of volcanic rubble formed by the action of water. It may be as old as the siege of Troy, or as Abraham. The conditions neither demand nor necessitate any higher antiquity. No one pretends that it is older than the very newest volcanic action in Auvergne. The traveller may often find illustrations of the truth that demand creates supply, in the curiosities offered to him at stations or stopping-places. I recollect at Charmouth, where the fossils of the lias abound, specimens used to be offered to unwary stage-coach passengers which were base impostures, being fossils of different strata, stuck together in one imposing-looking mass of elegant extracts. So the labourers at Abbeville, and at Le Puy, in the absence of real remains, gratified the eager naturalist by others, whose only fictitiousness consisted in their being a few thousand years more youthful than those sought for. Still, I think the block in the museum at Le Puy is genuine, and that it is a veritable link con-

necting historic times with the dying out of the volcanoes of Auvergne.

THE HOME OF THE GORILLA.

FROM Mr. Buckland, the accomplished author of "Curiosities of Natural History," our readers have had, in a previous number (486), a full account of "The Gorilla at Home." Subsequent papers, entitled "Gorilla Stories" (No. 499), and "The Gorilla Hunter" (No. 508), gave ample details of the extraordinary adventures of Mr. du Chaillu, the explorer of the forests of Western Africa. It will be remembered that scepticism was expressed by some parlour naturalists as to the accuracy of some of Mr. du Chaillu's statements. This "traveller's stories" are now known in this, as in other scientific matters, to be substantially correct, though in some details he may have been misled by native reports. His recent book of travels in "Ashango Land" * amply confirms Mr. du Chaillu's reputation as a daring explorer and accurate observer. His final remarks about the gorilla will be read with interest.

"The natives of all the neighbouring country were now so well aware that I wanted live gorillas, and was willing to give a high price for them, that many were stimulated to search with great perseverance; the good effects of this were soon made evident.

"One day as I was quietly dining with Captain Holder, of the 'Cambria' (a vessel just arrived from England), one of my men came in with the startling news that three live gorillas had been brought, one of them full grown. I had not long to wait; in they came. First, a very large adult female, bound hand and foot; then her female child, screaming terribly; and lastly, a vigorous young male, also tightly bound. The female had been ingeniously secured by the negroes to a strong stick, the wrists bound to the upper part and the ankles to the lower, so that she could not reach to tear the cords with her teeth. It was dark, and the scene was one so wild and strange that I shall never forget it. The fiendish countenances of the Calibanish trio, one of them distorted by pain—for the mother gorilla was severely wounded—were lit up by the ruddy glare of native torches. The thought struck me, what would I not give to have the group in London for a few days!

"The young male I secured by a chain which I had in readiness, and gave him henceforth the name of Tom. We untied his hands and feet; to show his gratitude for this act of kindness, he immediately made a rush at me, screaming with all his might; happily the chain was made fast, and I took care afterwards to keep out of his way. The old mother gorilla was in an unfortunate plight. She had an arm broken and a wound in the chest, besides being dreadfully beaten on the head. She groaned and roared many times during the night, probably from pain.

"I noticed next day, and on many occasions, that the vigorous young male, whenever he made a rush at any one and missed his aim, immediately ran back. This corresponds with what is known of the habits of the large males in their native woods: when attacked they make a furious rush at their enemy, break an arm or tear his bowels open, and then beat a retreat, leaving the victim to shift for himself.

"The wounded female died in the course of the next day; her moanings were more frequent in the morning, and they gradually became weaker as her life ebbed out. Her death was like that of a human being, and afflicted me more than I could have thought possible. Her

* "Ashango Land." By P. du Chaillu. John Murray.

child clung to her to the last, and tried to obtain milk from her breast after she was dead. I photographed them both when the young one was resting in its dead mother's lap. I kept the young one alive for three days after its mother's death. It moaned at night most piteously. I fed it on goat's milk, for it was too young to eat berries. It died the fourth day, having taken an unconquerable dislike to the milk. It had, I think, begun to know me a little. As to the male, I made at least a dozen attempts to photograph the irascible little demon, but all in vain. The pointing of the camera towards him threw him into a perfect rage, and I was almost provoked to give him a sound thrashing. The day after, however, I succeeded with him, taking two views, not very perfect, but sufficient for my object.

"I must now relate how these three animals were caught, premising that the capture of the female was the first instance that had come to my knowledge of an adult gorilla being taken alive. The place where they were found was on the left bank of the Fernand Vaz, about thirty miles above my village. At this part a narrow promontory projects into the river. It was the place where I had intended to take the distinguished traveller Captain Burton, to show him a live gorilla, if he had paid me a visit, as I had expected; for I had written to invite him whilst he was on a tour from his consulate at Fernando Po to several points on the West African coast. A woman, belonging to a neighbouring village, had told her people that she had seen two squads of female gorillas, some of them accompanied by their young ones, in her plantain field. The men resolved to go in chase of them, so they armed themselves with guns, axes, and spears, and sallied forth. The situation was very favourable for the hunters; they formed a line across the narrow strip of land and pressed forward, driving the animals to the edge of the water. When they came in sight of them, they made all the noise in their power, and thus bewildered the gorillas, who were shot or beaten down in their endeavours to escape. There were eight adult females altogether, but not a single male. The negroes thought the males were in concealment in the adjoining woods, having probably been frightened away by the noise.

"This incident led me to modify somewhat the opinions I had expressed, in 'Adventures in Equatorial Africa,' regarding some of the habits of the gorilla. I there said that I believed it impossible to capture an adult female alive, but I ought to have added, unless wounded. I have also satisfied myself that the gorilla is more gregarious than I formerly considered it to be; at least it is now clear that, at certain times of the year, it goes in bands more numerous than those I saw in my former journey. Then I never saw more than five together. I have myself seen, on my present expedition, two of these bands of gorillas, numbering eight or ten, and have had authentic accounts from the natives of other similar bands. It is true that, when gorillas become aged, they seem to be more solitary, and to live in pairs, or, as in the case of old males, quite alone. I have been assured by the negroes that solitary and aged gorillas are sometimes seen almost white; the hair becomes grizzled with age, and I have no doubt that the statement of their becoming occasionally white with extreme old age is quite correct.

"After reconsidering the whole subject, I am compelled also to state that I think it highly probable that gorillas, and not chimpanzees, as I was formerly inclined to think, were the animals seen and captured by the Carthaginians under Hanno, as related in the 'Periplus.'"

Varieties.

PARIS EXHIBITION—PRIZES AND AWARDS.—The prizes awarded were 64 grand prix, 883 gold medals, 3635 silver medals, 6565 bronze medals, and 5801 honourable mentions.

THE SULTAN.—Abdul-Aziz-Khan succeeded his brother Abdul-Medjid in 1861. He was born in 1830. He is 29th ruler of the Osmanlis since the capture of Constantinople in 1453.

EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND AS COMPARED WITH ENGLAND.—According to the Report of Dr. Stark, addressed to the Registrar-General of Scotland, it appears that all the women of the county of Kinross who married wrote their names in the registers; the proportions per cent. were also 98 in Peebles, 98 in Kincardine, 96 in Roxburgh, 96 in Kirkcudbright, 94 in Perth, 92 in Fife, 91 in Edinburgh, and 93 in the far-off Orkneys. By the Registrar-General's Report it appears that in 100 of the marrying women of the county of Bedford, only 55 write their names, in Cornwall only 60, in Staffordshire 52, in Lancashire 53, in the West Riding only 57, in Durham only 62, in Monmouthshire only 48, in North Wales only 51, and in South Wales only 44.

FARM LABOURERS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.—In reply to various communications elicited by our article on the English agricultural labourers, entitled "Poor Hodge" (No. 810), we have to state that a proposal is on foot to form a National Union for obtaining a higher rate of weekly wages, to aid in removing families from over-supplied districts to others, when labour is not over-abundant, and in other ways to better the condition of the rural working classes. We understand that Canon Girdlestone, Halberton Vicarage, Tiverton, is taking part, amongst others, in organising this movement for the advantage of "Poor Hodge."

VAN BAER AS A SCIENTIFIC WORKER.—We read of Van Baer, the distinguished physiologist, that in 1834 his health began to give way from excessive study. So constant was he in his work, that one year he shut himself up in his house while the snow was on the ground, and did not stir a hundred steps from it until the corn was in the ear. The continual stooping position in which his short-sightedness compelled him to work, ruined his digestion. His nights became sleepless. He had to read Walter Scott when he went to bed, in order to drive away visions of embryos and types, and even then the heroes and heroines often kept him awake. He felt that he was over-worked and needed rest. He found it impossible now to study beyond the midday, whereas, in old times, he used to keep working on till late at night. He said to himself, "The laws of natural creation will be discovered: whether by you or by some other, whether this year or in those to come, what matters it? It is mere folly in you to sacrifice for it peace and health, which none can restore to you." Determined to break off from his labours, he looked around to see what he could do; but, alas! on examining his finances, he found that all the money which had not gone in household expenses had been spent in books and in his investigations. He wanted to travel to the Adriatic and there rest awhile; but he was too poor to afford it, and too proud to ask for a subsidy from the Government. He stood for a moment face to face with that beggary which is too often the fate of those who love science too well. Just at this time his elder brother died childless, and his sisters begged him to come and take charge of the family estate, which would in due time come to his own eldest son, and which, though not large, brought him in a comfortable little sum. The management of the estate was from its position compatible with his official duties at St. Petersburg; and having learnt that the Academy of Sciences there would be pleased to receive him as a member, he determined upon the change. Accordingly he bade good-bye to Königsberg in the autumn of 1834, and entered upon his duties in the Russian capital, where he has since remained (1867). There his life has been less devoted to original investigations than before; in fact, he himself felt, in making the change, his chief work was already done. Part of the subsequent time has been spent in long and extensive travels, for pleasure and health, as well as curiosity, to Nova Zembla, and to the Caspian Sea; part in official duties, as Member of the Academy, Librarian of the Academic Library, and Director of Public Education; while part has been given to the completion of his old labours and to the quiet spreading abroad of the wisdom treasured up in his old age.—*Quarterly Review*, No. 244.

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